"HE IS WISE WHO LOOKS AHEAD." *See page ii. of Cover.*

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 476 | SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1915. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of this number see page 24.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the Kingdom.

BRITISH MUSEUM

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE SCHEME AGAINST ALL WAR RISKS.

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an Insurance which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. Exactly similar benefits are given by our sister-journal *Everywoman's Weekly*. YOU MAY EITHER FILL IN AND POST TO US THE WEEKLY COUPON WHICH WILL KEEP YOU INSURED FOR ONE WEEK AFTER ITS RECEIPT BY US, AND MUST BE RENEWED WEEKLY, OR, TO AVOID THE NECESSITY OF DOING THIS, YOU MAY SIGN THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM, WHICH WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

As regards all Air Raids, Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power:—

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£100
Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, or Turks, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you MUST fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

July 17th, 1915.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....*Newsagent of*

.....

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

July 17th, 1915. .....

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form above, fill in this form and post it to us (a half-penny stamp will suffice). Inconvenience and postage will be saved by the filling in of the Newsagent's Form.

WEEKLY INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified above.)

Name of Insured..... *Address*.....

.....

Age next Birthday..... *Date of Signature* .....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name..... *Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out above. .....

This coupon must be signed by the insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for seven days after its receipt by us.

HAD YOURS YET?

If not, don't delay.

Cut out the Coupon opposite.

"JOHN BULL" PEN.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. July 17th, 1915.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 476. Week ending Saturday, July 17th, 1915. One Penny.

OUR GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of "JOHN BULL" for Jul 10th, 1915, bearing on the Cover the Numbers 144,896 and A72,332.

Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The War Loan.

We *hope* it has been a success; but if by any chance there *should* be a bit left over, we hereby undertake to place it within a week if the Government will give us a free hand. Now, then, Mr. McKenna!

Lord Haldane.

Why won't this silly old man keep quiet? But he always *would* talk. When answering questions in the House of Commons, it invariably took him several minutes to say "Yes" or "No." The scholars call the complaint *Cacoethes loquendi; we* call it diarrhœa of the jaw.

Uncanny?

One of our readers has sent us a cutting from this very column in our issue of October 19th, 1912. Here it is: "There are stranger things possible than that the Triple Entente may join Italy in fighting Austria, Germany and Turkey." Almost uncanny, isn't it?

Tommy's Troubles.

We direct attention to this new feature of our journal—which we propose to maintain till after the war. Hitherto, considerations of what are called "public interest" have induced us to refrain from ventilating many grievances, of a very real nature, which have reached us from the boys in khaki—although we have done our best to get them remedied; but we think the time has come when Tommy's troubles should be more freely voiced. And we shall be proud to be his mouthpiece.

King John.

Mr. Redmond demands that Ireland shall have her share of munition making; but that, of course, will entail the cessation of Irish racing—we *don't* think!

Why Worry?

Apropos of our unbounded optimism, here is an instructive and interesting comparative table of the respective potential fighting forces of the enemy and the Allies. Germany has a population of sixty-five millions and Austro-Hungary of fifty-one; add to this twenty-one million Turks, and say twenty million "wobbling neutrals," and then taking twenty per cent. of the total as representing the potential fighting men, you get 31,500,000—as against 124,150,000 from the population of the British Empire and her Allies! And even if we left the whole of India out, we should still be two to one in the field, as on the sea. So *do* buck up!

A Significant "Straw."

Are you aware that, in anticipation of the collapse of the war, the Germans are already preparing for an economic struggle, and that at the present time—we speak on the authority of one whose word may be implicitly trusted—"hundreds and thousands of small labels are being made in Germany, in electrotype, with the inscription, '*Not made in Germany.*'"—the idea being, under guise of an anti-German campaign, to sell her goods as before? *Now*, do you feel better?

Fisher Back.

Following our definite announcement that Lord Fisher was willing and anxious to "come back," the Government has captured him—as "Minister of Inventions"! Surely the greatest invention of all!

Weird Words.

Mr. Asquith is the sincerest and most loyal friend in all the world; but the testimonial to Lord Haldane must have tried him very highly. Read this, for instance: "His width of outlook . . . his acute perception of political perspective." They might have been written by the Kaiser!

Yet Another.

So the late Editor of the defunct *Daily Citizen* is having another try at his luck. But this time it is a weekly publication, and is called the *Independent*. We wish it success, and trust it will be independent of compulsory levies upon workers.

The Editor and Parliament.

We direct attention to the announcement bearing upon this subject, which will be found on page 25. We may have something further to say next week—after certain matters now *sub judice* have been disposed of.

Note! Our Free War Insurance coupon is on page ii of cover. Fill it in now.

Bully for Beaconsfield.

The other night, at Beaconsfield, Bucks, a public meeting was convened by the "Fellowship of Reconciliation," one of the criminally unpatriotic "peace" societies that are labouring to negative the just reward we have a right to expect for our unparalleled sacrifice of blood and money in the war against Germany. It does honour to the patriotism of the people of Beaconsfield that they would not allow the meeting to proceed. The singing of "Tipperary," "Rule Britannia!" etc., was more to their mind, and the pernicious pacifists, disgruntled, and in anything but a peaceful frame of mind, were forced to abandon their purpose. We are second to none in our respect for freedom of speech; but when such freedom is abused, and turned to such uses as the encouragement of our enemies and the discouragement of our friends and allies, we advocate the sternest repression. We wish Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Beaconsfield's most notable resident, had been present; for a man of his weight could most effectually have sat upon the heckled speakers and silenced them forthwith.

An Un-P.S.A.

That arch-peacemonger, Mr. C. P. Trevelyan, M.P., addressed a gathering at Square Church, Halifax, and it is humiliating to read that "the building was filled with an interested audience." It was a "Pleasant Sunday Afternoon" affair—and the people of Halifax must hold quaint ideas about pleasure if they can find any in listening to the fluff and stuff of Mr. Trevelyan. In time, thinks this gentleman, a "sufficiently horrified public opinion would begin to point the way to peace." But we must not "crush Germany," or she will wait for revenge. He looked for a remedy to the "common people," saying that the "upper classes" could never hate war like the common people. The man has not yet learned there are no upper classes and no common people now—we are all one. But such twaddle was to be expected from one who still bleats, "Let them trust to the good forces in Germany"! This is the harmful sort of spouting which must be watched.

The Way to Do It.

Japan permits no "half-larks" from its German residents when once suspicion centres on them. An item from Yokohama shows how neatly the thing is done: "Acting upon an order issued by the Home Office yesterday, Superintendent Ikariyama, of the Kaga-cho Police Station, summoned five German residents to the police station last night and ordered them to leave Japan within one week." Just time enough to get their traps together, and then—out they go. There is plenty of celerity, but no secrecy, for the newspapers give names and particulars in full, the "dossier" of each man being put together tidily by the police and then published, for all Japan to see the craft and cunning of the banished one. There is much to admire in this method of "casting out of devils," and our Home Office might take the tip—if not too dignified.

Who is Lying?

During some recent County Court proceedings, Mr. E. A. Bell, of the firm of solicitors, Carter & Bell, said that Mrs. Cunliffe Owen had not received a certain subpœna, which had been "handed to a young woman and was left on Mrs. Cunliffe Owen's desk"; whilst Mr. J. D. Cassels, the counsel for the Plaintiff, said a notice "had been personally served upon Mrs. Cunliffe Owen at 12.20 at the Hotel Cecil, and she said 'I have handed the subpœna to my solicitor.'" Of course, the strict betting on the lying stakes should be 2 to 1 the field—there being three runners. But, personally, we would lay 20 to 1 against each of two of them.

Cui Bono?

The Church Missionary Society are appealing for donations to clear off a deficit of £23,667 on their last financial year's (1914–15) work. The Committee express the belief that the friends and supporters of the Society desire that they should send out all available missionaries in the autumn, and should continue to carry on the work abroad as at present arranged. If the object of the Society were to convert the heathen Huns to a decent conception of life, we might look with a certain amount of approval on their appeal for money. For there is only one problem in the world to-day—that of Germany. But to contribute money at this crisis for the purpose of pestering savages with a system of ethics beyond the scope of their understanding, strikes us as being wilful and wanton waste. Every ounce of our energy, and every penny of our spare cash, is required to-day for one supremely religious object—the utter crushing of the devilish system of militarism that has made Germany a menace to the whole civilised world. Let the happy and innocent heathen wait. Let the £23,667 pleaded for by the Church Missionary Society go into the War Loan, to help to make explosive pills to cure the world of Hunquakes.

"A Muddy-Minded Minister."

Perhaps we ought to apologise for referring once more to this person, the Rev. J. C. Davies, of the Baker Street Congregational Church, Enfield. Our reason for again dragging him into the light of day is the receipt of a letter of thanks from a number of Essex soldiers, including some of the gallant ex-members of his congregation, who have been publicly disowned by the muddy-minded minister because they saw what their duty was and went and did it straightway. These men and their friends, all serving their country, have but one fear. It is that Parliament may pass an Act compelling single men to enlist—for Mr. Davies is a single man, and they shrink with horror at the bare idea of having him among them. We are equally proud with them of the profession they have adopted, and jealous of its honour, and we agree fervently that such "men" as Mr. Davies are better out of it. There is no fear of their volunteering, and it would be wicked to push them in where they are **not** wanted.

The Munitions Muddle.

Although, according to official declarations, munition workers are urgently needed, it appears that no one—no matter how experienced in the actual production of shells or other implements of warfare—will be engaged unless he is, at the moment, employed in such work. We have heard from a considerable number of men who, after being for years engaged at Woolwich, Enfield and other arms factories, had either changed their occupations or joined the colours, but are now free—to find, on application to the officials, that their offers to revert to their old trades are peremptorily "turned down." Could anything be more absurd? As the Government already possesses and exercises power to commandeer private arms factories, it seems farcical to make such a shout about transferring "private" workers to "public" works.

Eloquent Omissions.

Apropos of our recent libel action with the Liebig Extract of Meat Co., it is significant that we were sued merely in respect of a *part* of the shortest of our articles, and that the statements contained in the longer criticisms which had preceded it were not disputed. In the fragment sued upon we undoubtedly made a mistake—for which we promptly apologised. The great mass of our criticisms remain absolutely unanswered—and are indeed unanswerable.

Don't forget the Pen coupon. You will find it on page ii of cover.

Fortune-Telling.

We have little sympathy with the common or garden fortune-teller, and rather less for the credulous ladies who cross hands with a bit of silver to find out if their lover will be dark, fair, or piebald, or if their third husband will be rich. But we can feel some sorrow for a girl of twenty-two, charged at Batley with fortune telling, and brought up before unsympathetic magistrates with a bent towards teetotalism and local preaching—scarcely the kind of men for an erring girl to expect mercy from. The "witch" was trapped in the usual way, by women sent by the police, one of whom appears to have paid a shilling for the information that she will be married twice, and that her lucky years are 1915 and 1916. However, it was the girl's unlucky day, for she was fined five pounds, or a month in gaol. Yet the Superintendent had told the Court that the real offender was a man, who took the bulk of the girl's money. It was a sordid story, and a magistrate with a merciful eye might have given the girl a lecture and a warning, instead of throwing the shadow of the gaol across her path. Batley, we believe, is a very "good" town, and, if we told fortunes there, we should suggest that the road to success lay in wearing a blue ribbon, preaching at street corners, and dealing in shoddy.

The Needle at Redditch.

Redditch, where the needles come from, has now one of its own, for it is staring in astonishment at the archaic methods of its District Council. The councillors are men weighty of word—and thick of head. They decline to be hurried, even by a fire. They have just settled the important question of how to summon the firemen in case of a call. Electric bells are already fixed at each fireman's house; it only needed to complete the connection, so as to make the bells ring when required. But that would have been too simple, too hasty, too modern. The councillors have, therefore, settled to have a lot of brass plates made, each engraved with the word "Fireman," to fix one to the front door of each fireman's house. All Redditch now need do, in the event of a fire, is just to walk round town and knock at every door where it sees the informative brass plate. Redditch for hustle!

Sunday Work.

Many a man is looked on askance by the ultra-good folk if seen doing a bit of digging in his garden on Sunday, and in strait-laced country corners he is often regarded as very much of a wicked sinner. So somebody has had the good sense to submit the situation to the Rev. H. D. Lewis, Vicar of Crewkerne, for the guidance of his flock, and the Vicar, in his "Parish Magazine," furnishes his considered judgment. "If," he writes, "a man can honestly say Sunday work in his garden or allotment is necessary, he may do it, for these are exceptional times. Did not the Master Himself teach us that works of necessity must be done on the Sabbath Day?" So, when your work must be done, go ye ahead with it, though, if you are a Churchman, you must try to spare an hour or two for Church also. Mr. Lewis seems to be a clear-minded Minister.

Found on the Staircase.

Who, we wonder, is the pro-German author who is so careless of his literary wares as to drop them in the staircase entrance of 11, Grocers' Hall Court, Poultry? This is what one of our readers found there, typewritten, as if prepared for the printer: "Stop the War and Further Slaughter. The only War is Capital *v.* Labour. Workers, You can stop it. Organise and then act. War is Hell for workers, who get Nothing. Labour shall Decide." It shall. It has. It has decided to blow the Germhuns to perdition.

A Germhun's Surety.

Giving his present abode as the "Royal Hotel, Kennington Park Road," a Germhun subject named Hutter has been called upon at the South Western Police Court to explain why he did not notify his change of address. His excuse was that he signed the alien register at the hotel and thought this was sufficient. Ordered to find a surety in £50 for good conduct, Mr. Sidney White, the Town Clerk of Stoke Newington, appeared on the scene, offered himself as surety, and was accepted. Chivalrous, no doubt, but surely it is a striking illustration of the ease with which these Germhuns are able to move about in our midst, changing from district to district without anybody knowing their precise purport in the midst; for it may appear to be one thing and may in fact be another, unknown even to the kindly Briton willing to back his fancy to the tune of £50.

Why not a Testimonial?

That is one case for wonderment. Here is another. Private G. M. Allen, of the 6th Notts and Derby, on guard at the Bradway Tunnel, found Herr Edwin Otto Schneisser wandering about, had to challenge him three times without receiving a reply—and finally, having ordered his "hands up" at the muzzle of his rifle, took him to the guard room. It was subsequently explained to the Eckington Magistrates by another Germhun, his cousin, that Herr Otto was a highly educated man, suffering from a nervous breakdown, and on said cousin Germhun undertaking to "look after him" said Magistrates bound over Herr Otto in £5 for six months. To make things equal, they also bound over his surety in £5. The tunnel whereabouts Herr Otto wandered in his nervous breakdown is on the Midland main line between Sheffield and London. It is not for us to say what would happen to a Briton caught in a Germhun railway tunnel at a like "unearthly hour," but at a guess we should say the military authorities would present him with a testimonial as a souvenir of the occasion. Why then were the Eckington Magistrates so horribly severe in the case?

Donop.

As we have said, we do not like his name—"Major-General Sir Stanley von Donop" is a name and title that by no means satisfy in these days of strife. And even the fact that Lord Haldane has given him a good character would scarcely influence us in retaining him in our employ. Point-blank charges have been made about his Department—the Ordnance Department, at Woolwich—and Mr. Lloyd George says, "The time has not yet come when it would be safe to give the facts. There have been serious mistakes, but the future, not the past, was the only material consideration." Quite so; and it seems to us that Major-Gen. Sir Stanley von Donop should have no part in the future. Donop is done up.

Germhun Agents for British Firms.

In more than one or two cases British firms in South America do not appear to have been in any hurry to swop their German agents for the genuine British or Neutral. The case of the British Bank of South America, Limited, is typical. On the arrival of certain ships at Bahia Blanca, the captains found to their disgust that the agent of the bank was one Meyer, the Germhun Consul, and that they were put to the humiliation of seeking necessary advances from the Bank through him, though he probably wished their ships torpedoed and at the bottom of the sea. It is true that new agents have since been appointed, but not, be it said, until after ten months of war. Seems hardly the game, even the financial game, does it?

"Bullets" patriotic prizes—another 1,000 War Loan Vouchers offered this week.

Same Thing—On'y Different.

An official notice states that persons of German, Austrian, Hungarian, or Ottoman nationality, if desiring to be exempted from internment, must "make application" before July 17th. Presumably, these applications must be counter-signed by responsible people of British birth, and we take it for granted that testimonials supplied by naturalised aliens would not be considered satisfactory. And yet there is no doubt many of these "enemy" people escape internment very artfully, and that the exemptions are granted to the wrong people. We hear of two cases that press the point home. The one is a poor German barber's man, with an English wife and five children, interned in the Isle of Man. The other is a German, with German sympathies, holding a commission in the German army, and with a German wife—and he is at large. The German officer seems to possess "influence" of some kind, and will probably remain exempt. We do not advocate that the poor shaver should be released, but we certainly think that, if his place is behind barbed wire, the man of means should rest beside him.

Gaoled for the Rates.

According to Mr. Wood, the Probation Officer, the Hammersmith Magistrates did not mean to do it though they did, and if they had known, they wouldn't. Well, we are willing to give them credit for good intentions, but the raw facts are very ugly. A certain taxi-driver, name no matter, had been having a shocking bad time since the war. Of two sons who have been "the mainstay of the home" one has been killed, and the other wounded, at the front. One night the wife waited for her husband in vain; he had been arrested—on the order of the Hammersmith Magistrates—for rates, "about £7," though all she had in the world was half-a-crown. "The facts were not before the Magistrates when they made the order; the official in the Rate Office has expressed great regret, and everything is being done to get the man released," is the explanation of the Probation Officer. By this time the taxi man is probably out, but a question remains. Is it the practice of the Hammersmith Magistrates to order men to gaol for non-payment of rates without insisting on having the facts before them?

On'y the Name.

"The Sanitary Committee of the Manchester City Council recommends the appointment, as Medical Officer of the four new baby clinics, of Mrs. Dr. Weitzman." We take the item from a Manchester newspaper, and we have nothing to say against the lady either as "Mrs." or as "Dr." Weitzman. For all we are aware, she may be—and probably is—British born and of British parentage, a good citizeness and a good doctoress. And yet we should have much preferred to read that the Sanitary Committee had appointed Mrs. Dr. Brown, or Jones, or MacDougall, or O'Rourke, or Llewellyn. Or even a Mr. Dr. Somebody with a name sweeter to our ears and less contorting to the tongue. Are there no Smiths in Manchester?

Brighton Bandsmen.

Brighton, it seems, permits its veteran bandsmen, old soldiers and volunteers, to play in the street, while the piers and theatres harbour and employ musicians of military age who have done nothing for their country—and never will, if they can help it. When these young men boast in public that they do not intend to join the Army while they can make three or four pounds a week in Brighton, it is time that Brighton did a little weeding out and gave more encouragement to capable veterans in their midst, who have been proved by service.

'Ware!

The proximity of a couple of advertisements in a Hertfordshire paper is accidental, but amusing. The first relates to a cinema, and to "Charlie's New Job. A Riot of Fun. Don't Miss It." Immediately following is an advertisement which may, or may not, indicate the "job" in question. There is a vacancy at Ware Town Hall for "Attendant as Caretaker and Cleaner," and applicants must be "under 50 years of age, able to carry out all cleaning work, and either married couples, or widows without children. Applications from single persons will not be considered." There is a puzzle somewhere; it is not clear if one person is required, or two; the apparent desire is for a woman to do the cleaning, and for her husband to do the caretaking. Anyway, it is a plum for somebody, for we have the promise—rather carefully guarded—that "remuneration and fees amount to about 14s. weekly," with four rooms. If we were ambitious to attend, caretake, and clean, we should prefer a definite wage to a shadowy "remuneration" of "about" 14s. The entire sum—when you get it—is precious little for one person; if for a married couple, it is disgraceful. So, if this really is "Charlie's New Job," we should give it a miss in baulk.

Llangollen Lags Behind.

The lovely vale of Llangollen appears to us to be a place to stay away from; we regret we are unable to advise our readers to wend their ways thither for the holiday season—just because there are no soldiers there. We have no other quarrel with a very beautiful spot, and we state our one reason so very plainly because it is in direct opposition to the views put forth in a printed circular by Mr. J. Percy Clarke, Secretary of the Llangollen Advertising Committee. It is addressed to possible visitors, and it states, "Trusting you will decide to come to Llangollen, which is an ideal place under the present condition of affairs, being quite distant from any military stations." Does this smug secretary person fancy his town is more "respectable" without the soldiers, or what is the meaning of that sneering innuendo? Any town in the Kingdom without a welcome for the soldier is a town to be avoided by sensible, decent-minded citizens. If the attitude of Mr. Clarke is approved by this Committee, so much the worse for Llangollen, for holiday-makers seek congenial company—soldiers for preference.

End of the War.

If a "neutral diplomatist" is to be credited, the Kaiser is one of the people who know when this war will end. If it is really true that "the Kaiser, amid the cheers of officers and men, swore" on the occasion of a military ceremony "that there would be no winter campaign and that the war would be over by October," then it is evident that his Satanic Majesty has either arranged for the end of the British Empire by that date, or he has come to the conclusion that after October he will get the shivers. Our own view is that he will get the shivers.

Penn'orths of War Loan.

Though the motives of Sir Robert Blair, the Education Officer of the London County Council, may be regarded as admirable, there are elements of danger about his scheme "to encourage saving," as set out in the circular he has sent to head teachers of elementary and special schools. In many homes the children's money-box is not a very safe bank at any time, but if parents get a craze for buying penn'orths and twopenn'orths of War Loan with the contents, the children may as well file their petitions and have done with it.

Fill in our Free War Insurance coupon—and insure Life, Limb and Home.

War Films.

A worthy sergeant of police was the witness upon whose taste and judgment the Liverpool Magistrate was asked to rely in a summons against a picturedrome for exhibiting a film which some busybodies suggested was objectionable. The picture, according to the art-criticism of the expert with three stripes, represented brutal things done by German soldiery, and Mr. Riley, counsel for the defendant, asked if it was not calculated to stimulate recruiting. "No, sir," said this Ruskin of the force; "it would have a very different effect on the women." Whereupon Mr. Riley ventured to suggest, "Nobody is wanting to recruit the women." The Magistrate said that no doubt the sergeant was merely representing the view of the Chief Constable. "Yes," assented Mr. Riley, "but this court does not exist to register the decrees of the Head Constable." It is refreshing to read that "the Bench dismissed the summons," because the result points to the futility of putting forward a police-sergeant—no doubt a worthy and efficient officer—as a judge of the merits or demerits of pictures, whether considered as "art" or as public spectacles. And the idea of suppressing pictures (or plays, or poems, or books) because they might "offend the Germans" is an idea so abominable that the sooner it is scotched the better. There will be lots of pictures shown, and things said, that Germany will not like.

Murder by Kaiser.

At Barnstaple Quarter Sessions, the Recorder went out of his way to remark that coroners' juries returned "absurd, ridiculous, and illegal verdicts" when they "talked about murder, and brought verdicts of murder against the Kaiser." The Coroner thanked the Recorder for his remarks, "especially," he said, "as he was an authority on International Law." He may be all that and a lot more—but he is no authority on the feelings of the British people. International Law has been torn to shreds by the Kaiser, and the laws of humanity also. Profoundly disagreeing with the remarks of the learned Recorder, and of the most polite and subservient Coroner, we trust juries will continue to return verdicts of "Wilful Murder" against the Kaiser, whenever plain fact justifies them in so doing. One of these days—who knows?—such verdicts may yet be useful in indicting the Imperial criminal.

Government's White Slaves.

It is bad enough when starvation wages are paid by a private firm; when the guilt lies at the door of a Government Department it is doubly deplorable. Yet a Land Valuation Office in the provinces has been paying a man, 50 years old, 15s. a week for working as a clerk from nine to six, and sometimes till ten o'clock—with no pay for overtime. The poor fellow began to suffer from insomnia—the wonder is that he got any sleep whatever, faced with the problem of maintaining life on that money!—and was granted a week's leave of absence. He thougnt he was entitled to longer and he overstayed the period granted; the result was dismissal without notice. Accepting the facts and figures as told us, the case is nothing less than white slavery under Government supervision.

A Parson on Pictures.

According to the "Black Country Parson" who writes to a London morning paper, there will be a bad shortage on five-shilling vouchers for War Loan as long as the money is spent every week at picture palaces. Our rev. friend should not be angry because some people prefer pictures to parsons, who are occasionally not half as interesting. Besides, the argument cuts both ways. The War Loan would be just as much or just as little short by three penn'orth of weakly parson as by three penn'orth of weekly pictures.

Brought to Book.

A couple of Bradford men, specious rogues in the Mail Order line of fraud, whose methods we have frequently exposed, have at length been laid by the heels. Samuel Berry and George Henry Knight Gill were the practitioners referred to, and their special stunt of advertising swindle was to offer goods for sale, nominally worth £2 15s., for 2s. down and subsequent payments to the amount of £1. Money had been received from 73,000 people, and a great proportion of them had got nothing in return. In their first year of "business," 25,268 replies to advertisements were received, each containing cash, but not a single customer was shown to have received a pennyworth of goods. Berry and Gill conceived and carried out an elaborate and impudent form of swindling by wholesale. We were able to place many of their victims in touch with the police, and we are glad to see the scamps have each received some portion of the punishment they merit; for the Bradford City Recorder has sent them into retirement for six months, to be occupied in hard labour.

Long-Winded Credit.

Unlike ratepayers, taxpayers, and other poor mortals, the Government takes its own time to pay up. In some instances a precious long time it is. At Aylesbury, to cite a particular case, many of the townspeople who are billeting troops—often two or three men in a home—have not received any payment since 22nd April last. This is not only a hardship to poor people, but makes the men uncomfortable, as they feel like trespassers. Evidently, there is a characteristic muddler's muddle hereabouts. When all the men were in billets payment was regularly made week by week, but since a part of the Army has been sent to camp repeated applications for a settlement in respect of the rest have failed to draw a stiver. Of course, it may be that the Paymaster is waiting until he gets a lump of the War Loan.

Generosity's Reward.

Poor John Ward, of Folkestone, is suffering for his generosity. For being too good-natured, too careless in the bestowal of his gifts, he is doing one month hard. He was thoughtless enough to give a bottle of whisky to a Canadian soldier, a very sinful deed—a black crime, punishable nowadays with the utmost rigour of the law. "We," said the Chairman of the Bench who sentenced the benevolent, but erring John, "are most anxious to assist the military authorities, and we must carry out such rules as were framed for these times. It is a most critical period in our history." True, masters! True, most potent, grave, and reverend seigneurs! But even virtue need not be violent—and vicious. It was very naughty of John Ward to give away a bottle of whisky—but he is paying dearly for his fault.

A Teetotal Tragedy.

An old Tipperary Hussar, now over seventy, tells a tale calculated to bring a smile to the most dismal face to be found amongst the members of the United Kingdom Alliance—and some of them would turn the milk in a cow's udder sour at a hundred yards' range. On a certain tragic day many years ago, half the teetotalers in the Tipperary Hussars met with a violent death. Luckily, the loss to the regiment was not very great—for there were only two of them! There might have been two to this moment had not one of them gone to a wake on the day mentioned, where he was thrown downstairs and his neck broken because he refused to drink a drop of potheen. We leave our pumpuritan friends to work out the moral for themselves.

£100 for 12 Picture Solutions—must be won weekly. See "Money Pictures," page 30.

THREE WEEKS MORE.

THEN THE ANNIVERSARY—AND SOMETHING ELSE--GET READY TO SHOUT!

In three weeks' time we shall have been at war for a year.

Never in the history of the world was a war undertaken with such national unanimity as that in which since 11 o'clock at night on the 4th August last we have been engaged. "I have now put the vital facts before the House," were the words with which Sir Edward Grey concluded his speech on 3rd August; "and if, as seems not improbable, we are forced to take our stand upon these issues, then I believe when the country realises what is at stake—what the real issues are—the magnitude of the impending dangers in the west of Europe—we shall be supported throughout not only by the House of Commons but by the determination, the courage, the resolution, and the endurance of the whole country."

And in that respect the late Government had nothing to complain about. The clash and the clamour of Party ceased. Except for the croaking of a handful of von Macdonalds, sentimental pacifists, and pulpiteering Jeremiahs, Parties and sects, classes and interests, became one. The spirit of Brotherhood, unity, courage, and self-sacrifice possessed us all. None of the belligerent Governments—not even excepting that of Germhuny—entered into the struggle surer of national support and public confidence than did our own. From being almost hopelessly discredited it sprang into instant popularity. It seemed that Ministers had suddenly become strong—as if, contrary to all our former experiences, and in spite of the swift development of the Great Tragedy, this war at least would not be messed and muddled. And we were confirmed in that view when we found Lord Kitchener at the War Office and Lord Fisher at the Admiralty. "Now," we said, "we may indeed sleep peacefully in our beds. The war is in the right hands at last, and the politicians will not interfere. They have agreed not to quarrel, and, in face of real danger to the State, to drop their parrot cries and unite in the common cause."

THE FATAL CALM.

Then came the fatal calm. Staggered at the enormity of the tragedy which had broken upon the world, we handed ourselves over to those in authority, saying, "Do with us what you will; take our money; take our liberties; pass any laws you like—*but go in and finish the war.*" And they replied—"All is well; leave it to us." Thus were we lulled into a sense of false security, never really understanding how near we were to annihilation; going about our business, and our pleasures, "as usual"—and leaving everything else to "the Government." True, we had a kind of inkling that we had been taken somewhat unawares—but France, we always understood, was ready; and then there was Russia—which was already sending huge forces through England to join our Allies in the field, whilst the rest of her vast army had commenced its march on Berlin! And over and above all this, hadn't we the greatest Navy in the world, ready to go forth at once and sink the German fleet to the bottom of the sea? What was the good of its hiding up the Kiel Canal? Didn't the First Lord of the Admiralty himself tell us that we would "dig it out like rats from their hole"? Alas! little did we know what was really happening! We didn't know that Lord Kitchener was being thwarted on every hand by the Tite Barnacles of the War Office and the Army Council—nor that Lord Fisher was at bitter loggerheads with his civilian Chiefs. We didn't know that the politicians were quarrelling and squabbling amongst themselves; that our recruits were dying by thousands of disease contracted in damp and insanitary camps, and that absolute chaos prevailed in the Ordnance and Army Service departments. We didn't know that there were grave differences between Generals in command at the front—and we didn't know certain other things which, perhaps, it is as well we didn't! So passed the first six months of war. *Then we woke up.*

THE REVELATION.

All of a sudden the truth dawned upon us. Not only had we been living in a fools' paradise—fooling ourselves—but, to vary Carlyle's classic dictum, we had committed our lives and interests to a Government and a Parliament "mostly fools" as well. The war was being run on copy-book maxims and political shibboleths. We were to love our enemies; we were to keep all ports and markets open; we were to scrupulously respect the doctrinaire nonsense of the Hague Convention; we were in no circumstances to compel young, sturdy men to fight—preferring that married men, with family responsibilities, should do so; we were to observe the sanctity of Trades Union regulations; we were to grant "the right of asylum" to the enemy alien—never suspecting a spy till he was caught red-handed; and so on, and so on. The result was that after half a year's muddling and messing, we were, at the best, where we were at the start. Where *we* were. But what about our Allies? What real, effective, substantial assistance had we rendered them? True, no word of complaint passed their lips, but let it be said at once—for it is God's truth—France was sad and disappointed. She had expected more—and she had the right to expect it. For she was fighting as much for us as we were for her—only at that time neither our people nor our rulers understood it. Instead of realising that we were in for a struggle to the death with a great Power bent on our destruction, we were all too much inclined to look upon the affair as simply one of "lending our French ally a hand." Thus, after six months, we had neither men nor munitions; Germany's ports were open to receive food and material of war; spies were rampant in our midst—and the banner of the Kaiser floated proudly on the walls of St. George's Chapel, denoting his membership of our most Noble

Order of Chivalry! Then some of us began to speak out. At one blow we slew the dragon of Party Government; we set about recruiting in earnest—telling the young shirkers that if they didn't come they would be fetched; we commenced to lock up potential spies; we abolished all Labour restrictions and got our yards and shops to work; and we kicked the Kaiser out of St. George's Chapel. In short, *we prepared ourselves for war.* And that is the position in which we find ourselves within three weeks of the anniversary of the red day in August, 1914, on which the call to arms was sounded! That in the meantime our men, on land and sea, have done doughty deeds, is merely to say they are Britishers—sons of a great Empire, whose martial spirit conquered and whose love of freedom held, the fairest spots on earth.

Delay the Inquest.

Of course it is a ghastly reflection that we have lost so much precious time—and, alas! sacrificed unnecessarily so many precious lives. But we are a forgiving people. We have been so long nurtured on Convention that we listen readily when Ministers tell us that *this* is not the time to fix blame and responsibility—it never is! They admit that there have been grave blunders, but, says Mr. Lloyd George, "what is much more important for the moment than that we should have any discussion about the past is that Ministers should guarantee that any mistakes should not be repeated in the future." Well, we have our little ways, and one of them in this stark, staring business is to hang the culprits as we go along, *pour encourager les autres.* It saves a great deal of time, trouble and expense. We know these official, formal, elaborate *post bellum* Inquiries, done up into blue paper back folios—a foot-and-a-half long by two inches thick; you have to get a special sort of bookcase to accommodate them, or else to lay them down on their backs on the floor. Before us as we write are a couple of volumes of the kind relating to the South African War. They consist of 22,200 questions and about a couple of pounds (avoirdupois) of Report—enough to hang a whole Cabinet, and consign a jostling medley of Officials, "Experts," Inspectors and Contractors to the uttermost depths of the Dead Sea. Whether anybody was any the worse in pocket, liberty or licence as a result of it all we forget. Anyhow, it is evident that we cannot start asking 22,200 questions now, even if that were the limit—but it could not be; we should have to ask at least 222,200 questions ourselves! Still, there it is, and there we must leave it for the present—"till after the war." And then we shall all be too mad "mafficking," to trouble further about it!

In Three Weeks.

So, putting the past aside, let us turn to the present—three weeks to the anniversary. And here we can strike a happier note. We are a highly recuperative and a very resourceful nation—*and the anniversary will find us ready.* If we were free to say all we know, you would already be getting your shouting apparatus in order. But we must speak cryptically. We still have a Censor and a Press Bureau; and it is, further, our bounden duty to respect Lord Kitchener's desire for reticence—and to keep the enemy, *as far as possible*, in the dark. We say "as far as possible" because we fear there is very little that they *don't* know. Still "very little" may mean a lot, in war; therefore we will avoid details—just as Mr. A. G. Hales did in his recent article, "Kitchener's Coming Surprise." But we will start off with two definite statements. *The German Navy will soon be forced to fight*—when it will either surrender or be annihilated; *and the German Army will soon be out of France and Belgium.* We do not say that three weeks will see these two things done; but we *do* say that we shall by then *be in a position to do them.* The rest is for Lord Kitchener and the military and naval strategists to determine. Oh! yes, we know what Lord Kitchener said at the Guildhall—but Lord Kitchener *has* to say many things which *sound* rather disappointing—till they are critically examined; that is why they are written down and carefully revised before they are spoken. Let us, however, help you to read into his words one or two declarations which, coming from him, and at such a time, are more eloquent of early victory than anything we have ever written. How does *this* strike you? In Flanders "we are presenting a solid and *impenetrable* front against the enemy." Doesn't sound much like the Germans getting to Calais, does it? And, remember, these words were uttered after leaving a conference with French and Joffre. *And there was more in that Conference than the world yet knows.* It was not called to discuss the weather! But, to quote the War Sphinx again, what of the Dardanelles? "We are pushing the campaign *to a successful conclusion.*" *That* means that we are nearly through the Dardanelles, doesn't it? And, once through, you know the rest. And munitions? "This very important matter is being dealt with *in a highly satisfactory manner.*" So there is no further trouble about munitions. Do you realise *that?*

The Problem Solved.

The truth is that the problem of this wonderful war is now solved. A year ago we were, metaphorically as well as literally, all at sea. We hadn't a general or an admiral who had ever seen a European war; and all their South African, Egyptian and Eastern experiences were handicaps rather than helps. What did they know of the modern trench and barbed-wire system; what *could* they know of submarine and aircraft fighting—of hand grenades, gas bombs, solid mass formations and other things? And what did *anybody* know about the strength, the plans and the preparations of Germany—about her wonderful spy system in our midst, and her devilish disregard, not only of her pledged word, but of every one of the humanities of war? All these things had to be learnt and mastered. And look at the men who had the direction of affairs! A Battenberg as First Sea Lord; a barrister at the head of the War Office, and a Von Donop in charge of the Ordnance! And a solicitor in charge of the Exchequer! All fine fellows, of course, and fired with high patriotism—but not exactly the kind of men to tackle a job like this war.

Still, that is all over now. Whilst France and Russia, and Serbia and Japan have been holding the ground, the British Empire has been pulling itself together.

And you can't beat the British Empire.

Only three weeks more—and then the anniversary!